NOTES FROM SCOTLAND.

LORD SHAFTESBURY—MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND SIR CHARLES DILKE—LORD FIFE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
DEESIDE, Oct. 16.

Perhaps I may still be allowed a word or two on Lord Shaftesbury, late though it be, and wanting in obvious connection with Scotland. A connection there is, nevertheless, as you will see.

Those who had never met Lord Shaftesbury were wont to think of him as an austere man in private life. He was not that. He was genial, liked a good story, and was ready to tell one at his own expense. Even in England, where the Peerage is profanely spoken of as the Daily Bible (which would have shocked Lord Shaftesbury beyond anything), there are people who do not follow changes of title or recognize a son when he has succeeded to the name of his father. One of these individuals, said Lord Shaftesbury, once wrote him a letter in recent years, reproaching him for occupying so much of his life with devotional efforts. "It is all very well, your praying and speech-making at Exeter Hall and your professions of sympathy with the poor. You call yourself a philanthropist. Why don't you do something? Why don't you go to work like Lord Ashley, who passed the Factory Acts?" This fervent person had no idea that the Lord Ashley, who passed the Factory Acts, and the Lord Shaftesbury, whom he was rebuking, were one and the same person. This and many other anecdotes I have heard Lord Shaftesbury relate with as real enjoyment as if he had been leading the exercises at an Evangelical prayer-meeting.

Lord Shaftesbury's face and whole appearance were striking; he was the sort of man that once seen you would never forget. There are excellent photographs of him, but if they are not to be bought in New-York you have only to turn to any good likeness of the first Earl of Shaftesbury and you will see the last. The distinguishing features have come down through seven generations; long lived ones they must have been, for the first Earl was born in 1621 (created Earl in 1672), and the eighth has but just come into his title, himself fifty-four years old. The late Lord Shaftesbury came into this world in 1801; his father in 1768. The portraits of the intermediate earls I do not know; the third excepted who wrote the "Characteristics." The line, however, is direct, each earl from the first having been succeeded by his eldest or only son, the fifth excepted, who died without male issue, the title devolving on his only brother, the only one of them all who was not named Anthony, and father to the late man.

The kinship of the seventh earl to the first is written large in his powerful face; resolute; perhaps a little severe. the features those which belong to a man of organizing and ruling capacity; the eyes, as might be supposed, rather too near together. He was a man to narrow his creed and broaden his life; believed implicitly you were going straight to a real hell of actual brimstone and utter everlasting torment if you varied from his own religious doctrine, but would take much pains to make it comfortable to you on this side the gulf. He was deaf of late years, but his faculties seemed otherwise as clear and keen as ever. I met him not seldom last winter near his house in Grosvenor Square, walking in the pitiless northeast wind with no better outer garment than a short cloak, cut rather like a policeman's cape and not much longer. As for his character and his lifelong efforts for the classes of people whom others left to themselves, they are part of the history of the past two generations. It is enough to say that there is no single individual who did so much practical good by intelligent, organized endeavor as had Lord Shaftesbury. His life is a standing answer to the sneers about the efficacy of acts of Parliament.

He has left a successor to the title; successor to himself there can be none except in a qualified sense. Much of his work has been done once for all; done so well and decisively that it needs no furtherance in the future. There is always, however, a place for a Peer of position, character and wealth, to whom the religious side of life is more than all else. Such a man is the present Earl of Aberdeen, and it is upon him that the devotional part of Lord Shaftesbury's mission is thought most likely to fall. Lord Aberdeen is known as a man of singular purity of nature, with plenty of the ability and restless energy which are wanted for leadership in such a cause. He has been coming steadily forward of late, and is likely to be heard of in the near future more frequently than before. For five years in succession he has been the Queen's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, a post of dignity which he has filled with distinction and splendor. He has had, meantime, a great deal of more earnest work in hand, much of it of a kind which Lord Shaftesbury himself cared most for.

I heard the other day a piece of political gossip which is probably without foundation, but curious enough to be repeated. The political gossip of countryhouses is seldom worth much; it is more likely to be a form of entertainment than a contribution to actual knowledge. This, however, purports to be an explanation of the reason why Mr. Chamberlain in his recent London speech read himself out of the next Liberal Cabinet. It was in the interest, said a little company of Liberals, of his friend Sir Charles Dilke. Supposing, as most men do suppose, a Liberal majority returned in November, the next question will be the formation of a Liberal Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone will form it, and he will have to consider the position of Sir Charles Dilke. There is no probability that the pending action for divorce in which Sir Charles is co-respondent will have been tried. The Cabinet must be settled early in January and the hearing of Mr. Crawford's petition is not likely to come on before February. We all suppose that the case against Sir Charles Dilke will collapse, but, of course, the result is not quite certain—no law suit ever is. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, must take into account the possibility of an adverse decision, and he must feel that a verdict of adultery against a member of his Cabinet would be a blow to his Government. What is he to do?

If he offers a portfolio to Sir Charles he runs this risk of his early retirement in obedience to his pledge. If he does not offer it, he risks affronting the Radical wing of the party; Mr. Chamberlain, first of all, whose alliance with his long-time partner in politics is as close as ever. This difficulty must have been considered on both sides. Would it not be an easy way out of it if Mr. Chamberlain should announce that he cannot himself enter a Government which excludes his own proposals from its programme? That, at any rate, is what he has done. His withdrawal would involve, as a matter of course, Sir Charles Dilke's, and the withdrawal is on purely political grounds. Mr. Gladstone is thus relieved from his dilemma. If, by and by, things go right in the Divorce Court, means will be found to arrange the political differences which appear to exclude Mr. Chamberlain from the Cabinet, and everything will be comfortably arranged.

This is, of course, the merest guess-work, but it will serve to show you what wild conjectures are indulged in by men shut up in a Scotch country-house on a rainy day.

Elgin has been giving itself a new Town Hall and dedicating it, and as I was staying not far off I went to this ceremony; about which I am going to say little or nothing. It was like other ceremonies of the kind; sufficient for the purpose, perhaps more than sufficient, since the printed programme handed us included not less than twenty separate speeches, some in the hall, some at the luncheon which followed the opening solemnities.

The fact which interested me, and which may interest you, amid this Morayshire pageantry was the discovery of a new speaker. My discovery of him was something like Alexandre Dumas's discovery of the Mediterranean. I was not the first to make it, but it was new to me. The new speaker was the Earl of Fife, who delivered something more than half a dozen out of the whole number of addresses, long and short. Like everybody else, I had long known Lord Fife to be one of the most magnificent of young Scottish noblemen; renowned for social gifts and for the splendor of his housekeeping, alike in London and at Mar Lodge. He has held aloof from politics and from almost all forms of public life. Yet it is clear he can speak. His neighbors say he has not been altogether silent in this part of the world. His voice has been heard on many occasions, but he surprises the stranger by a lucid fluency of style which indicates much more practice than he has really had, here or anywhere else.

His address at Elgin had a literary quality as well. The number of English speeches which have anything of the sort are limited. Phrases and antitheses and other rhetorical efforts seem alien to the average English mind. "I look forward to the future prosperity of Elgin and to her increasing fame in days when her new Town Hall shall be ranked among the ancient monuments of Scotland." How many young orators of the day in this country are equal to the framing of such a sentence as this which concluded Lord Fife's speech? Not many. Lord Fife has a good voice, a good delivery, and his oratorical future before him, if he cares to make a name for himself in the public life of the Kingdom. But I am afraid he does not. I suspect he had rather have given the $2,500 he did to Elgin for its civic use, than figure, as he also did, as the chief orator of the day.

G. W. S.

WM. HENRY HUNTINGTON.

BORN IN NORWICH, CONN., 1820—DIED IN PARIS, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
ABERDEENSHIRE, Oct. 10.

There died in Paris last week an American little known to the great American public; to the European public not known at all. The papers of France and England will hardly mention his name; of elaborate biography or eulogy there will be none. There is no room for the story of his life in the columns which are crowded with narratives of the good deeds and high qualities of Lord Shaftesbury. Yet Huntington was a man not inferior to Lord Shaftesbury in at least one of the characteristics which gave the English Peer his immense fame. In perfect benevolence of nature they were alike; both died with the benedictions of the poor; both had a chivalrous purity of character less rare, I believe, than it is commonly supposed to be in an age when the teachers of nations erect selfishness into an economical virtue, less rare, but none the less admirable in itself. The tributes to Lord Shaftesbury are innumerable. That which I beg you will allow to me to offer to my friend Huntington will interest, I hope, his other friends, and will show his countrymen that it is possible for an American to live in Paris without ceasing to be an American.

Huntington was a type of American not often seen in Europe. It would be more accurate to say never, and to call him not a type but an individuality. We all know the sort of American who thinks life a holiday and chooses Paris as a playground, and spends his days there in the belief that he is amusing himself; in the society, not of Parisian but of American *emigrés*. Huntington lived in Paris thirty years or more, but he had nothing in common with these people save his origin; and not much in that. He was born in Norwich, Conn., sixty-five years ago. I can write no biography of him. I don't know what took him to Paris unless it were the irresistible attraction of the place and people. He came to love both fervently. There is little in the mere facts of his career to justify a long account of him in print. The fact which brings him closer to you and your readers is that he was long the Paris correspondent of THE TRIBUNE. Hundreds of his letters have appeared in your columns. Many of them were admirable; all of them were saturated with a knowledge of French life and French politics such as a foreigner seldom acquires. Yet it must be said that they who knew Huntington only by his printed correspondence hardly knew him at all. He was never at his best with a pen in his hand, and his best letters were not meant for print. Those which he wrote to his friends were best. I have many, which I am glad to say I have kept, equal in wit and quaint originality of humor to some of those that are most famous in letter-writing annals. The secret of the difference is an easy one. He liked writing to his friends and he hated writing for the public. He had great abilities of which he made little use; his life was empty of ambition, and it is because he wanted a definite aim that he dies almost unknown beyond the range of his friendships.

What is called the American quarter in Paris knew him not, or knew him slightly. He liked best the company of artists and men of his own profession, if he can be said to have had a profession, for I don't think he would have called himself a journalist. His many friends in America were ever faithful to him and he to them. Of Frenchmen who were his friends the best known were Louis Blanc and M. Clemenceau. With the latter he was intimate and they had close sympathies. But he never cared to enlarge his list, had no taste for mere celebrities and altogether declined to accept any conventional standard whatever, whether in social matters or in the higher regions of life and thought. He would not put on a dress coat. He would hardly call a man by his title—certainly he would not in speaking of him. Many years ago I brought him and Sir Charles Dilke together. He ever after referred to him as that Dilke who must not be called "Mr." A friend with whom he was staying tells me that coming in one afternoon late he asked Huntington if anybody had called. "Yes," answered the kindly cynic, picking up a card, "somebody with a 'Lord' to his name." Nothing that was external or accidental imposed on him. What he cared for was the man underneath. It was refreshing and inspiriting to know one who stood out by himself and refused to accept the gray conformities which society tries to impose on everybody. To the last his talk was racy of the American soil and his affections clung to his State and to his own country. His faith in humanity and in a Utopia yet to come was indestructible. It survived his wide reading and keen observation. Few men had a more acute perception of the weak points of a character with which he came in contact. But his belief in the future of the race came from his heart. His tenderness was like a woman's, and he steadily refused to look at one side of a question when his sympathies were on the other.

All these details are important to give you any real idea of Huntington's character. It is not to be inferred because he had no ambition that he cared for nothing. He cared for some things very much indeed. Art was one. He is a rare instance of a man born in Northern latitudes who had a sympathetic appreciation of certain forms of art. The great colorists were the painters who most interested him, and he knew them all. It did not matter whether a brilliant piece of coloring was signed by a great master or by an unknown painter. I have known him put his finger on new men in the Salon, or the private exhibitions of Paris, and predict their fame with unerring instinct. He admired the figure pieces of Diaz when they were admired by few. He discovered Jacquet. He was one of the first to see the real greatness of Bastien-Lepage.

Art in its illustration of early American history was, in fact, his hobby. If he had an aim in life it was the collection of prints, medals, pictures, busts, statuettes, miniatures and books relating to Franklin and to Washington. You will have the result of his labors in these directions in the Metropolitan Museum of New-York, to which he gave all that he had retained of late years. One earlier collection he had either sold or given away many years before. His rooms in the Rue La Bruyère were filled with these objects, and he had many things of extraordinary rarity. Of their actual money value I know nothing. He began to collect when things were cheap, and he limited his spendings for a reason I will presently tell you. But among the hundreds and thousands of prints and other works there are certainly many which no money could now buy. When the passion had once mastered him, he no longer cared whether a print or other bit of Franklin ware was good or bad. If it was scarce and he had it not, he bought it; and the worse, the better. Sometimes he had copies of Franklin and Washington portraits made for him in China and Japan. Of "Poor Richard's Almanac" he owned editions in some thirty languages, and some of the homely shrewdness of the author seemed to have passed into his own mind. He bought other things which amused him, and nothing amused him more than gift copies of works by eminent American writers to eminent Frenchmen, which the eminent Frenchmen had sold, inscription and all, and with the leaves unopened, as Huntington used quietly to point out. His was long a familiar figure on the quays of Paris and in many a quiet street, where the dealers lie in wait for the buyer. They all knew the tall, bent figure, the gentle manner, the soft hat shading a keen pair of eyes, and the thick, full black beard, which served the concierge at your hotel as a means of describing him to you when he had called.

Those who knew Huntington slightly thought that collecting was the chief object of his life. I have known him intimately, and I know that his life was one long surrender to the good of others. He had ample private means for an existence of comfort, of luxury even, and for the full indulgence of his tastes in art and American bric-a-brac. He deliberately made himself a poor man by his constant gifts. The friend who had charge of his fortune in America could tell you, if he chose, more about Huntington's generosity than I can or ought. I know of it in many ways; never from Huntington himself. He gave right and left out of all proportion to his means, and if he had to choose between a Franklin for himself and a charity for others, it was the charity which carried off the prize. He was one of the few Americans who, without any interest or official duty to keep them, chose to stay in Paris through the two sieges of 1870-71. Affection and sympathy for the Parisians was one motive, but his secret object was to do what he could for the poor of his own quarter, whose privations during this slightly legendary period of Parisian history he perhaps thought more distressing than they really were. Without ceasing to be an enthusiastic American, he was more than half a Frenchman at heart. When I found my way into Paris toward the end of the Prussian siege, I carried with me a loaf of white bread—then the greatest of luxuries in a city whose inhabitants sent out by every balloon and pigeon post their moans over the hardship of having to live on bread of rye and oats. I went straight to Huntington's rooms and produced the white *pain long*, which I had bought in a suburb. He looked at it with a hungry glare, and I put it down on the table. "Do you mean I may have that?" "Yes; I brought it for you." "But may I have it to do what I like with?" "Certainly; whatever you like." He picked up the bread and vanished, was away half an hour and came back. "Well," I said, "have you eaten it all?" He looked hard into the fire and said it was all gone. Then we went off together and dined sumptuously on horse, which is amusing enough when you begin, and know it cannot last too long. Next day I heard that he had taken the coveted white loaf to a lady lying ill in childbirth and wasting away, as the doctor said, for want of such food as half-starved Paris had no more of. "Anybody would have done as much?" No doubt they would, especially you, my sleek friend who made the remark. Try it the next time you happen to have seen for a month or two nothing you care to eat. Huntington has been known to take a second-class passage across the Atlantic in order to give away the difference between second and first-class. Perhaps that may serve as an example of his views of his duty to others. Yet I don't think he acted mainly from cold views of duty or ever argued himself into benevolence. He denied himself and gave to others from sheer kindness of heart; it was his nature to, and he could not do otherwise.

For more than a year before his death Huntington had suffered extremely from the malady which killed him, but the pain, which he bore courageously, had ceased during the last weeks, and he passed away without a struggle. Devoted friends were with him. One of the best of them telegraphed me, and I heard the news here in the remote Highlands, a thousand miles away. Another writes me that he saw him a few hours before—a portrait of Washington at the foot of his bed, the room hung as ever with prints and pictures. "He seemed to me in the midst of it more than ever a mild, sweet spirit,—a natural sage and saint." And the next day: "His fine, emaciated, benevolent old face looks very beautiful and touching." Nineteen years had I known him, and I can say nothing that seems to me descriptive of this simple, genuine, affectionate soul. I add only what a lady who knew him well writes: "I shall never care again for Paris as in the old days; he was one of its charms."

G. W. S.

NO WONDER THE BISHOP LOOKED WEARY.

SIX TRUNKS AND THIRTEEN BAGS AND BUNDLES IN A PARTY.

Six persons were in the party—the Bishop, the Bishop's wife, his son and daughter, and two young ladies, relatives of the Bishop. They were getting home from the sea shore, and on their way westward they stopped at the Grand Central station. The Bishop was a tall man with a long straggling beard and a worried look, and his wife, a tall woman, looked worried also. The baggage consisted of six trunks and thirteen bags and bundles. The trunks were checked, but the efforts of the Bishop and his family to keep track of the bags and bundles were slowly killing them. A TRIBUNE reporter wandering through the station observed the situation.

"George," said the Bishop's wife after a silence in which evidently a mental roll-call of bundles was being made, "where is the camera?" George accounted satisfactorily for it.

"I do not see the small blue satchel nor the brown bundle in a shawl-strap. We left them," she added in tones of conviction; "I knew we did." The missing articles were brought to light after a thorough search occupying minutes of terrible agony.

"All we now need," said George pleasantly, as he clasped the camera, and balanced the recovered shawl-strap and small blue satchel on unoccupied portions of his lap, "is a couple more parcels. Next season we can take a bunch of lightning rods and a fire extinguisher. I should enjoy carrying them." A timely distribution of cookies silenced discontent, and the Bishop appeared looking even more worried than before.

"Mary," he said, addressing one of the girls, "do you know your trunk? I cannot find it." It was finally agreed that Mary's trunk had a strawberry mark on one end in the form of the initials "M. C. C.," and the Bishop again hurried away. He returned in a few minutes and said in horrified tones: "I cannot find any of the trunks; they have been delayed, I think. We must all stay over night in New-York, as there is no time to wait longer here; we have but two hours and a half left to reach the other depot." Here a sympathetic expressman stepped up and offered to take the checks and express the six laggard trunks. The Bishop heaved a sigh of relief and produced the checks.

"Thirteen dollars," said the expressman. The Bishop paid the money and then he grasped two satchels and four umbrellas that had been stacked by the family encampment, and the Bishop's wife took a shawl and her satchel and a basket of fruit, and the girls had satchels, and George brought up the rear with the camera and the small blue satchel, and the brown parcel in a shawl-strap. Thus arrayed they filed out, a look of settled melancholy on the Bishop's clerical visage, and vanished into an elevated station. But the reporter, wondering if those trunks really didn't come, wandered into the baggage-room. Six trunks, all sizes, stood together in one corner, and one bore the initials "M. C. C."

"Know whose trunks those are?" he said to a baggage-man.

"They belong to an old party in here a few minutes ago. He didn't give us time to get them in from the train. So rattled he couldn't read straight. Guess he'll be in again; he's got slathers of time."

DETERMINING THE WORLD'S AGE.

From The Detroit Free Press.

At one of the towns in Mississippi where we stayed over Sunday a couple of strangers got into a dispute about the age of the earth. They were the sons of planters, and neither of them over twenty-two years of age. The dispute started in a good-natured way, but ended in one of them springing up, pulling out a bowie-knife, and threatening to carve the other up if his word was disputed again. The other was defenceless, and wisely held his peace. The man with the knife sat down, and conversation turned to other channels. By and by the defenceless man got up and lounged away, and next we saw of him, half an hour later, he was resting the muzzle of a double-barrel shot-gun against one of the porch pillars of the hotel, and had us all covered. The hammers were up, his fingers on the triggers, and his eyes blazed like a tiger as he said to the man with the knife:

"Jim, it's my turn now!"

"Yes."

"I've got you covered!"

"I see."

"I said the earth was a million years old, you stuck to 6,000 years. Jim, come up to my figures or I'll blow the top of your head over that fence!"

"Say!" replied the other as he crossed his legs in the coolest manner, "I'll tell you what I'm willing to do. As both of us might be wrong, I'll leave it to the crowd."

"Well, that's fair. What's your figures, gents?"

We consulted together, menaced all the time by two charges of buck-shot, and the Colonel was authorized to call out:

"We recon on about 700,000 years, stranger, but shouldn't be surprised if it went up to a million."

"Nor I, either!" said the man as he lowered the gun and leaned on the barrel. "I don't say as I fit in the war, or that I was born up Fighting Creek, but when it comes down to the age of the earth I'm to home and the latch-string is out! Come and see me!"

THE OLD ADAM IN THE TURK.

BUT THE TREASURY EMPTY AND TRADE CRUSHED BY TAXATION.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 13.

The past week has been one of preparation for war. The new Ministry was appointed as a conservative body that would almost have peace at any price. But having been quickly undeceived as to the intention of Europe to undo the work of the Bulgarian Union, the Conservatives also have been forced to yield to the popular demand for war. Orders have been sent out that will call to arms 300,000 men of the Reserves. As far as money exists, every preparation for a great war is being made.

The reason of the change is a better appreciation of the intense character of the crisis. The Ministers see that if the two Bulgarias are allowed to remain united, the small kingdoms will be ready to stir up strife on the first favorable moment. If the Union is not allowed to stand, the Bulgarians may resist, and the resulting war will be almost sure to bring Russia into action sooner or later; or even if the Bulgarians do not immediately resist the dictum of Europe, they will be so exasperated that at the first favorable opportunity they will again rise. Hence the Turks think that it is better to bring matters to a crisis than to trust to luck at a later date. They are pretty sure that neither Austria nor Russia is quite ready to fight just now. Their best chance for postponing the inevitable, then, is to be stiff in the presence of an unpalatable decision on the part of Europe.

Another reason for the change on the part of the Turkish leaders is a belief that the Austrians are at the bottom of the Bulgarian movement. It is regarded as sure that the Prince of Bulgaria took his orders from Vienna. The theory is that Austria merely wishes to fish in the troubled waters for general results, without a very definite idea of the greatness of the results to be expected. The Turks remember that in 1875 the Austrians were helpers of the Herzegovinian rebels; that Count Andrassy was the author of the famous Memorandum that decided Europe to unite in a sense hostile to Turkey at that time. They also remember that on the downfall of the Turkish power in European Turkey, in 1878, Austria made haste to put in a claim to Bosnia. All these considerations have led to a marked dread of Austrian enterprises at the present time, and rightly or wrongly to a belief that Austrian diplomacy was behind the populace of Philippopolis in the rising of the 18th of September. The more one looks at the entire lack of preparation among the Bulgarians for any serious work, the more one realizes that for once the revolters had no real grievance against Turkey, which had no more real influence in their affairs than England, the more one is compelled to seek an explanation of the revolt of a parcel of unarmed and penniless young people against the power of an empire able to eat them up at a mouthful, and pricked in its pride, if not in purse, by the demonstration. Wounded pride calls out all the Old Adam in the Turk.

When the Sultan asked his Ministers, three weeks ago, their views as to the course which should be pursued toward the Roumelian rebels, the Ministers were unanimously in favor of an instant action to crush the revolt. One old gentleman got so excited over the rising that he drew his sword in the Sultan's presence, saying: "I am ready to make these rebels pay in blood. Let us go at once." But the vote for war was vetoed, and the Ministry went out the next day. The men who were ready to negotiate instead of fight tried to influence public opinion in favor of a peaceful solution for a time. They sent out a circular to Europe, which they allowed to leak out in the local papers, and in which they declared that if the Great Powers should allow the Bulgarian Union to stand, the real evils that might result would be due to the action of the Powers, and not to the display of any unworthy weakness by Turkey. The inspired Turkish papers pointed out that a reprimand to Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia, which the Powers were about to send out as the vast result of their mature deliberation, would fully save the honor of Turkey, since Turkey had from the first declared the Bulgarians to be in the wrong in violating a treaty to which all Europe had set its seal. But rumors of an intention on the part of Austria now to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, hitherto only "occupied"; rumors of a gravitation of Russian troops toward the southern frontier; and the assurance that the Bulgarians are becoming so settled in the new order of things that no undoing of the Act of Union will be possible, have roused among the people a storm of wrath that the Ministers seem powerless to resist.

Several of the Ministers agree with the most rabid of the people that if the Europeans are going to try to pull Turkey to pieces they must be made to wade in blood to do it. All have a longing for revenge. Ten years of defeats in diplomacy and war cannot be allowed to close by a new and greater catastrophe, unless revenge has been tasted. This passion is the most noble of passions in the Oriental moral philosophy. If a man has it not he is not a man. The party of action, then, is to some extent aware that war will end in a very bad streak of ill luck for Turkey, but at the same time is desirous of it as the only way of getting revenge by shedding somebody's blood for the insults heaped upon the Turkish name in these last years. "This may be the end," they say, "but at least let us show the world that we are still men. Let us prove ourselves to be the sons of those Turks who used to be the nightmare of all Europe."

So we are in a war fever at present. If Europe chooses to put its united force into the scale in favor of peace, to "sit down" on Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and all the rest of the elements of the Eastern powder magazine, the war may be put off. But if Europe does not agree upon peace at any cost, Turkey will have to refuse to accept compromises, even at the cost of a hopeless war. The people demand war, they are indignant beyond measure at the mismanagement that allowed the first days of the revolt to pass in inaction. After this any sign of weakness before Europe might easily cost a terrible shock to the throne.

Troops are flocking to Adrianople, to Salonica, to Albania. Smyrna sent off its quota within two days after the call was received. Something like enthusiasm is seen on all sides. But it is a hopeless task. There is no money, and no bushes left on which money grows. When it was desired to send off a division of troops to Adrianople without delay, it was found that there were no shoes, and the men had none fit for a campaign. More than all, there was no money to buy shoes. Five thousand pairs were at length discovered in the hands of a man trustful enough to give them up on credit. Men were put into those shoes, and sent off, and then the dispatch of troops ceased until the trustful merchant could get another five thousand made.

If the condition of the Treasury is a damper on warlike spirit, the loss of commercial importance sustained by Turkey in the last ten years deprives the Treasury of hope of recovery. The loss of European Turkey was no small blow to the Turkish Treasury, for its revenues were, in ancient times, a very acceptable aid to the equilibrium in the Budget. But Asiatic Turkey, has ever been the resource of a Finance Minister in distress. Its people could raise as much as the same number of people in European Turkey, were much less expensive in their notions of what man needs in order to live than were the pampered people of Roumelia, and, moreover, the people had no nonsense about them. They did not take *The Morning Post* or *The London Times*, and had never read John Bright or Mill. In fact, while they had a penny the Government was always sure of finding the means of extracting full half of it for the great purse of the Faithful. Now they have not the penny of which the Government, in sore distress, wants the half.

Asiatic Turkey is prostrate as to trade. Its favorite exports no longer rule the markets. Take Asia Minor, for instance. In times past it used to grow rich on the opium trade. But the taxes laid on opium by the Government have so burdened the trade that the Turkish article has become a luxury too expensive for even Chinese profligates. The demand for a reasonably good article at a less exorbitant price has fostered opium culture in India, and now the market is controlled by India. Turkish dealers who have been hoping a return of the former prices are left high and dry. The best Turkish opium is offered at one-half the former prices, with no takers. All who have to do with the opium trade are very poor and the taxes that they owe are bad debts.

The mohair trade, a very important one in Asia Minor during the last ten or fifteen years, has also been crushed by taxes. The goats are taxed, the hairs taxed on being cut, and again on being shipped to Europe. This taxation has acted in two directions: First, it has discouraged the use of mohair, the taste for it not being firmly enough fixed to endure a very high price for the goods, and it has led to experiments in raising the Angora goat in other parts of the world. Turkey thinks that political economy should not permit foreign merchants to carry off the raw products of a land for other lands to wax rich upon. So it takes an export duty from the foreigner who wishes the privilege of working up Turkish mohair. But Canada and the Cape of Good Hope, prompted by their natural desire to injure the finances of Turkey, have allowed the goat to be raised in their borders without laying any duties upon the clip, even at the time of export. So these distant and unprincipled regions are able to put down mohair in London at a less price than the Turkish dealer can afford in Constantinople. The Turkish mohair has lost the market, and now the best Beibazar yield is going a-begging at half price, while the Angora goat farmers have been trying to get out of the losing business by selling off their goats to butchers who can do something at passing off their meat on an unsuspecting public as mutton. The dye-stuffs of Asiatic Turkey have always been a very important source of revenue. But of late years everything has been against the poor Turks. Aniline and other abominable inventions are driving the Turkish dye-stuffs, especially valuable because they required no heavier labor of the men than that of smoking while the women plucked the yield of the forest, entirely from the markets. It is cheaper to buy the foreign compositions in Turkey to-day than to take that gathered by women who work at ten cents per day.

A few years ago the discovery of a mine of boracite in Asia Minor opened up a flourishing trade in that region. As soon as the Government found out that the thing was a success, it proceeded to lay on heavy taxes. This checked the trade, and before it recovered California had got the market with her vast produce, and Turkish boracite goes the way of all the rest of her valuable products.

The prospects of a speedy gathering of the sinews of war are not bright for the Turkish Government. Were it not for the fact that the Turkish soldier will eat less, wear less and take less wages than any other troops on the face of the known world, no war could be made for a day with the sinews that the Government can supply.

The usual orders for suppression of news have been put in force in this city since the Roumelian affair assumed a serious aspect. Newspapers have to submit the foreign news which they propose to publish to the Censors twenty-four hours before the hour of publication. No telegrams are allowed to the press except what the Censor has declared to be of a harmless nature. The Bulgarians do not wish to be outdone in this line. They have allowed neither letters nor papers from Constantinople to reach their destination in Bulgaria since the revolution. Newspaper offices in this city have received official requests from the Bulgarian authorities not to send papers to subscribers, as they will not be delivered but will uselessly cumber the post-offices. Letters will be delivered after the necessary clerks shall have been appointed to read and decide upon the merits of each letter.

FOWLS OF GIGANTIC SIZE.

SUCCESS OF CALIFORNIA OSTRICH FARMING.

PRECIOUS EGGS AND RAVENOUS APPETITES—THE ENTERPRISE TO BE GREATLY EXTENDED.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 21.—"There is no product required by civilization but what can be supplied from California." This was the remark I once heard an enthusiastic Forty-niner make; and as one studies the resources and capabilities of the State, such a broad statement is found to be nearer the truth than at first sight appears possible. In their attempts to realize the large profits now, which were a matter of course in the Argonautic days, Californians are developing some—from an Easterner's point of view—startling and bizarre industries. Particularly is this the case in the southern portion of the State. Liverpool salt is quarried from the Colorado Desert near Dos Palmas; mills in the Mojabe Desert convert the stately yuccas into paper pulp; Cashmere goats are seen pasturing by Southdown sheep; alfalfa fed trotters and thoroughbreds from Sunny Slope and Santa Anita are proving themselves formidable rivals of Blue-Grass bred horseflesh; San Diego and Los Angeles abalone dealers supply Paris buttonmakers with a large part of their material; silk industries are developing, and tea, coffee, cotton and rice only need cheap labor to become profitable. Among the most novel, and apparently profitable, of the newer pursuits is ostrich-farming. Dr. Sketchly, the manager of the principal farm in this county, some few years ago was proprietor of a large and profitable one in South Africa. During the Transvaal war his ranche was devastated by the Boers and Zulus, and thinking that Southern California might possess the necessary qualifications, he came to spy out the land. He found everything satisfactory, organized a stock company, went to the Cape, and less than three years ago brought back twenty-two birds, ten males and twelve hens. Since then he has raised forty birds, which, considering the many difficulties he had to contend with at first, is satisfactory progress. His ranche is about twenty-one miles south of Los Angeles, near the village of Norwalk on a spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

As the visitor reaches the entrance, two sign-boards meet his gaze. The first rule, "Each visitor will be charged 50 cents," was made necessary by the crowds that at first poured into the place. The other, "All dogs found on this ranche will be at once destroyed," was occasioned by the fact that even the best-bred dogs will suck eggs; and when rotten eggs sell for $2 each, and good ones are worth from $50 to $100 each, the undesirability of dogs is apparent. The farm consists of 200 acres, of which eighty are sown to alfalfa, thirty are in corn, and the remainder occupied by the pens, corrals, employes' quarters, etc.

The first object of interest is a rather large corral containing a flock of sixteen-month old birds. They stand about six feet high, and are quite timid. These birds were plucked three months ago, and their plumage is abundant and glossy already. My guide told me that only seven months' time was necessary for the new plumage to mature in, and that these "chicks" produced feathers at their last plucking over two feet long, which beats the record in Africa. Next came the pens where the adult birds are kept. Each pair is allowed a space of about twenty by forty feet. The females are of a speckled brownish color, and have a homely domestic appearance. The males, on the contrary, are a brilliant, glossy black, with one row of superb white feathers fringing each wing and the tail. They are rakish, gallant looking fellows, and can comfortably stretch their necks over the eight-foot fence which forms the rear of their pens. A barrier in front of the pens keeps visitors at a safe distance from them, as these older birds are always dangerous. The superintendent told me that he knew of several men being killed and three horses disembowelled by them. Their feet are armed each with two toes, one of which is very long, and has at its extremity an immense claw. Their mode of attack is always by kicking, and as they are known to be able to maintain for a long time a gait faster than that of any race-horse, the muscular power of their legs can be imagined. One of the keepers, to show me their ferocity, approached quite near one of the pens. Both birds immediately assumed all the appearance of intense rage. Each plume was erected, the wings were half extended and their eyes flashed, but there was not a symptom of fear about them.

I asked how the picking of these big ones was managed.

"Well, we catch their necks in a forked stick, draw a leather stocking over their heads, and four or five of us grab them. But it's no fun, I can tell you, for one square kick would send a fellow to kingdom come too quick. You hear me!"

Strange to say, they make no attempt to jump over the fence, but when very much excited or enraged will brush away a strong board fence with their breasts of bones, like so much paper. The only use they make of their alleged wings is to steer themselves around a corner or sharp curve; during which operation they look much like a sail-boat when it "luffs."

Up to recently patent incubators were used, but so unsatisfactory were they that the birds are now permitted to increase and multiply in the orthodox manner. Each pair is expected to hatch three broods a year, the hens averaging fifteen eggs at a setting, but sometimes running up to as many as thirty. About six weeks is the period of incubation. I saw some "chicks" only a week or so old, which were as large as prize turkeys; the parents were most affectionate and solicitous in the care of the little ones, and regarded us, even far off as we were, with evident disapprobation.

The expense of keeping these huge creatures is comparatively small, each bird getting a daily ration of fifty pounds of cut alfalfa, a little corn, and unlimited pebbles. An artesian well supplies them with pure water, and they appear to have made themselves at home, and apparently have come to California to stay. I could obtain little information as to the profit of the undertaking. I have met one of the stockholders, and from him I could get no figures or statement beyond the fact that the company has purchased another ranche of 300 acres in Los Feliz rancho, and will soon send Dr. Sketchly to the Cape for a supply of birds to stock it with, which certainly appears as if the prospect must be satisfactory. The outlay of capital must be considerable in the first place, as since the first lot was exported the Cape Government has imposed an export duty of $500 per bird. Add to this the prime cost, which varies from $100 up to the thousands, and the freight from the Cape to New-Orleans and thence to Los Angeles, and the average cost per pair at a low calculation must be put at from $1,500 to $2,000. In Africa the profit must be very large. Dr. Sketchly cited one instance where a trio of birds yielded in one year a revenue of over $30,000, in offspring and feathers; and there seems to be no reason why the business should not be even more remunerative in California, for domestic producers have the benefit of a 35 per cent ad valorem tariff.

Dressing, curling and coloring the feathers is chiefly confined to New-York and Paris dealers, who, it is asserted, are hostile to this California enterprise. The company, far from being discouraged by this, is arranging to import a lot of feather-dressers from Paris, and develop its own market. Should this be the case, husbands and fathers who groan over millinery bills may be consoled with the reflection that the price of feathers will be likely to fall somewhat in view of competition.

MADAME KRAUSS.

HER RETIREMENT FROM THE GRAND OPERA

A CHAT WITH THE CANTATRICE—HER CAREER AND CHARACTER—MADAME MARCHESI'S OPINION.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, Oct. 15.—Madame Gabrielle Krauss a few days ago tendered her resignation as first lady singer to the MM. Ritt and Gaillard, directors of the Grand Opera. As her contract has still three months to run and the reasons for this premature retirement had been much commented on in the Parisian newspapers, I sought to learn the true cause from the lady herself.

"Was it really a *coup de tête*, your sudden departure from the Opera, madame?"

"No, not at all. Ritt and Gaillard, for economical reasons, I think, had no intention of renewing my contract, which expires at the beginning of the new year and I suppose it was their idea to force me to leave with as little éclat as possible. They therefore wanted to compel me to sing *Alice* in 'Robert le Diable,' one of my minor roles, for my *rentrée*. I soon perceived their scheme, and not wishing to play into their hands and thereby damage my reputation in other places, I decided to leave the Opera at once."

"You are financially a loser by the operation?"

"Oh, yes; I made them a present of $9,000, my salary for three months; it may do them some good in their pecuniary embarrassment. They were very much afraid that the Parisian public would proclaim their regrets in too loud a manner if I left the stage as I ought to have done and as would have been becoming to the chief support of the house, which I have been for so many years, and that they would find themselves obliged to re-engage me."

"What are your prospects for the moment, madame? Is there any truth in the report that Carvalho wants to engage you to sing *Elsa* in 'Lohengrin'?"

"No, that is simply a rumor; officially I know nothing about it. I think I will make arrangements for a tour in the provinces. I have never been heard in France outside of Paris."

"Why not go to America?"

"I am too afraid of the ocean. I can't bear the idea of being on the water for any time. I think one of the reasons I never sang in London was the fear of crossing the Channel. But I may some day conquer my fear and cross the ocean to be heard in America."

Madame Krauss, unlike Judic, does not think it necessary to her comfort and happiness to indulge a taste for luxurious surroundings. She lives in furnished apartments in the Grand Boulevards, scarcely a stone's throw from the seat of her triumphs. Her drawing-room displays such comfort as rented furniture can give and the elegance that many precious gifts tastefully disposed about her rooms can lend. On an easel stands a large photograph of a painting which a few years ago was on exhibition at the Salon. It is signed Clairin. Madame Krauss has in it that majesty of pose which she usually brings to her rôles; but in her rôles only, for when at home she is a very unassuming and simple woman. She is not at all handsome, cannot lay claim even to large or pretty eyes, and her shoulders are entirely too near her head. But otherwise she resembles one of those Roman matrons who have intense will power and intense fire in action. Several busts of herself in various attitudes are scattered about the room, on tables and on pedestals. Busts of Verdi and Gounod figure on the grand pianoforte. Madame Krauss is very fond of diamonds and always wears a number of them.

As Victor Hugo called Notre Dame "my cathedral," so Gabrielle Krauss might call the Grand Opera "my opera"; the poet and the singer brought the two differing but historical monuments into relief and gave them a living embodiment. Krauss sang at the opening of the Grand Opera House eleven years ago, as testify two magnificent Sevres vases on the table of her drawing-room. They were made and decorated to order with the following words inscribed on the porcelain: "To Gabrielle Krauss, in remembrance of the opening of the National Academy of Music, January 5, 1875." Napoleon III. on the occasion wished to honor her as he honored potentates with the traditional gift of Sevres porcelain. The programme for that evening consisted of an act or two of "La Juive," a ballet, and an act or two of "The Huguenots." Then "La Juive" was kept on the bills for several consecutive weeks. From that beginning until now, her reign in that house has been supreme. In the fifty-two operas which she has sung here and elsewhere, she "created" five in Paris, all novelties: "Jeanne d'Arc," "Polyeucte," "Tribut de Zamora," "Henri VIII." and "Sappho," besides two that had already seen the light elsewhere, "Aida" and "Rigoletto."

Rapidity of learning seems to have grown with rapidity of locomotion. Formerly, in Krauss's studying time and before, would-be singers devoted at least six years to perfecting themselves in vocalization. Two years is now deemed quite sufficient by ambitious and conceited maidens to fit themselves to climb on the narrow stage of a lyric career. For six years Gabrielle Krauss studied hard at the conservatory at Vienna. The first three were devoted to the study of the science of music, solfeggio, harmony and the building up of a strong foundation in musical knowledge; the rest of her study life was given to the special training of the voice. She never had another teacher than Madame Marchesi. Before the six years were over she had already signed a contract for the Imperial Opera in Vienna, and she sang there up to the time of signing an engagement with M. Emile Perrin, who has just died, and who was then director of the Academy of Music in Paris. This happened in 1870, and when war was declared M. Perrin, who had remained within the walls of the besieged capital, sent a letter to Krauss by means of the balloon cancelling the contract. She went to Italy and sang with great success at the Scala, St. Carlo, Apollo, Pergola and other theatres of the chief cities of that country. The war was an ill wind that blew Krauss good, for when she began her career in Vienna, according to Madame Marchesi, she sang very well, but was freezingly cold. Marchesi despaired of her ever having *le feu sacré* in her acting. "You are a stick," said her teacher to her, "and will always remain a stick." Professors are very often mistaken as to the dramatic talent their pupils develop on the stage, and this was an instance of it. When in Italy Krauss soon found out that success there chiefly depends upon dramatic action; a singer must be warm, even intense, like Italian characters and Italian climate. Krauss so transformed herself in the three years she sang there that when she took to the stage in Paris she represented a perfect combination of the German and Italian artistic temperaments, mingling thoroughness of musical education with warm action, tenacity of purpose with facility of execution, and perfection of method with inspiration. She fully merited the name which one of the French critics gave her, "the tragedian songstress."

As a woman Madame Krauss has never departed from her true German nature. She is no lover of show, has very retired habits, has always been a most devoted daughter and sister, happy in the feeling that she has been the means of bringing prosperity to her numerous sisters. She comes from an upright family that was not blessed with much wealth. The story goes that when the director of the Vienna Opera went to her house to engage her, he found the young lady busy ironing her clothes with her sisters around her busy with house work, and exhibiting no shyness nor false shame because found thus occupied. As an artist she does not know what whims or caprices are; she can always be relied on and has never caused serious delays or omissions of performances on account of lawful or unlawful excuses. She is always at her post of duty, and rehearsals always find her prompt and exact. As a woman she is dignified, as an artist true. All that has ever been said against her is that she filled her post too well and therefore prevented other artists, who were constantly waiting to step into her shoes, from doing so. She is also said to have wilfully and designedly kept artists with talent and voice from making a successful career from jealous motives. These stories may and may not be true. During the directorship of M. Vaucorbeil she was said to rule the house and have everything her own way.

A strong friendship has always existed between Marchesi and Krauss. On the one hand it is a grateful recognition of able and successful training, on the other a maternal affection which a teacher naturally feels for one of the brightest stars in the constellation in which she has placed so many. Di Murska and Krauss were among Madame Marchesi's first pupils. I put the question to Madame: "What do you think of the Ritt-Gaillard-Krauss affair?"

"I think the MM. Ritt and Gaillard have not acted right," she replied. "Krauss is still the only great artist of that house. They do wrong to let her go now, and act much against their interest to let her go at all."

SHOCKING IGNORANCE OF THE NEW-ENGLAND ATHENS.

The employment bureau in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Twenty-third-st., is often the source of much amusement to the secretaries. The most troublesome applicants that they have are Englishmen. Some weak and worthless ones come over and they have an idea that they are going to make their fortune in the first year. The other day a school teacher turned up. He was a young fellow who had never done anything except to teach school, and knew how to do nothing else. Now, school teachers are of no use to the class of people who go to the Young Men's Christian Association bureau for employes, and this young man didn't seem to amount to much even in his own line, for he wrote a wretched hand. But he wasn't particular. In spite of his boasted familiarity with the three "R's" and his deep insight into grammar and "jogafy" he was willing to throw up his profession and accept a good position in some large mercantile house.

The secretary to whom he unfolded his modest tale of wants takes a fatherly interest in the waifs who come to his mill, and unable to give him a situation offered an equivalent in the shape of advice.

"My dear fellow," said he, "there's no chance for you in a big city like this. You have no references or letters of introduction. You can't do anything, and people aren't in the habit of taking school teachers in as senior partners even on presentation of credentials. You don't know the ways of the country, and if we got you a position ever so humble, they'd expect you to 'git up and git' at the word, and catch on to things, no matter how new and strange they were. The best thing for you to do is to go back into some small inland town where you can live cheaply, teach a little, learn the ways of our people, and gradually work into something better. You say you're pretty well up in 'jogafy'; can't you think of a place you'd like to go to; some town of two or three thousand inhabitants?"

"Oh, yawse," said the well informed foreigner with a rising inflection and a momentary gleam of intelligence which showed that no thought [illegible] found the clew to the complication. "Aw—Bawston!"